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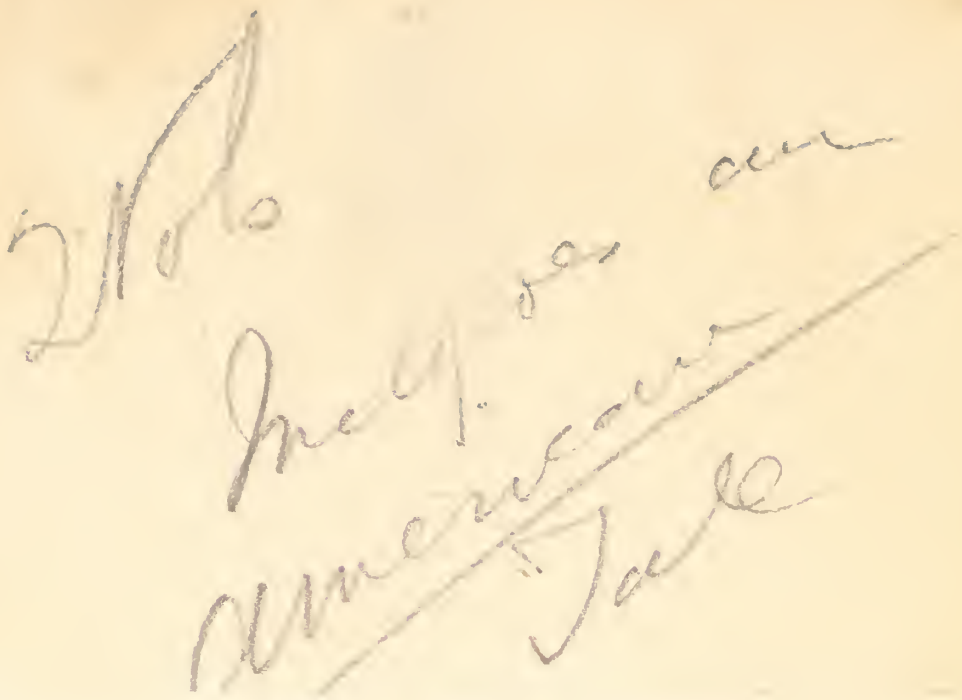

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POEMS,

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BY

HELEN MARIA WILLIAMS.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:

Printed by A. RIVINGTON and J. MARSHALL,

FOR THOMAS CADELL IN THE STRAND.

M DCC LXXXVI.

TO

HER MAJESTY.

MADAM,

I AM too ſenſible of the diſtinguiſhed honour conferred upon me, in your Majeſty's gracious protection of theſe Poems, to abuſe it by adopting the common ſtrain of dedication.

That praiſe correſponds beſt to your Majeſty's generous feelings, which is poured

without reſtraint from the heart, and is repeated where you cannot hear.

I ſuppreſs therefore, in delicacy to thoſe feelings, the warmth of my own, and ſubſcribe myſelf,

MADAM,

With profound reſpect,

Your MAJESTY's

Devoted ſervant,

HELEN MARIA WILLIAMS.

PREFACE.

THE apprehenſion which it becomes me to feel, in ſubmitting theſe Poems to the judgment of the Public, may perhaps plead my excuſe, for detaining the reader to relate, that they were written under the diſadvantages of a confined education, and at an age too young for the attainment of an accurate taſte. My firſt production, the Legendary Tale of Edwin and Eltruda, was compoſed to amuſe ſome ſolitary hours, and without any view to publication. Being ſhewn to Dr. Kippis, he declared that it

deſerved to be committed to the preſs, and offered to take upon himſelf the taſk of introducing it to the world. I could not heſitate to publiſh a compoſition which had received the ſanction of his approbation. By the favourable reception this little poem met with, I was encouraged ſtill farther to meet the public eye, in the "Ode on the Peace," and the poem which has the title of "Peru." Theſe poems are inſerted in the preſent collection, but not exactly in their original form. I have felt it my duty to exert my endeavours in ſuch a reviſion and improvement of them, as may render them ſomewhat more worthy of peruſal. It will, I am afraid, ſtill be found, that there are ſeveral things in them which would ſhrink at the approach

of

of ſevere criticiſm. The other poems that now for the firſt time appear in print, are offered with a degree of humility rather increaſed than diminiſhed, by the powerful patronage with which they have been honoured, in conſequence of the character given of them by partial friends. Knowing how ſtrongly affection can influence opinion, the kindneſs which excites my warmeſt gratitude has not inſpired me with confidence.

When I ſurvey ſuch an evidence of the zeal of my friends to ſerve me, as the following honourable and extenſive liſt affords, I have cauſe for exultation in having publiſhed this work by ſubſcription. They

who know my diſpoſition, will readily believe that the tear which fills my eye, while I thank them for their generous exertions, flows not from the conſideration of the benefits that have ariſen from their friendſhip. It is to that friendſhip itſelf, that my heart pays a tribute of affection which I will not attempt to expreſs—for my pen is unfaithful to my purpoſe.—While I am employed in teſtifying my thankfulneſs for the favours I have received, it is impoſſible that I ſhould forget how much I owe to one Gentleman in particular, whoſe exertions in my behalf, though I was a ſtranger to him, have been ſo marked, ſo generous, and indeed ſo unexampled, that it is a very painful taſk which his delicacy has impoſed upon me, in

not

not permitting me to mention his name. But ſuch goodneſs cannot be concealed. The gratitude of my own heart has proclaimed it to my private friends; and the noble and honourable ſubſcribers his zeal has procured, cannot avoid being ſenſible to whom I am indebted for ſo illuſtrious a patronage.

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AN

AMERICAN TALE.

AN

AMERICAN TALE.

" AH! pity all the pangs I feel,
" If pity e'er ye knew;—
" An aged father's wounds to heal,
" Thro' ſcenes of death I flew.

" Perhaps my haſt'ning ſteps are vain,
" Perhaps the warrior dies !——
" Yet let me ſooth each parting pain——
" Yet lead me where he lies."——

Thus to the liſt'ning band ſhe calls,
Nor fruitleſs her deſire,
They lead her, panting, to the walls
That hold her captive ſire.

" And is a daughter come to bleſs
" Theſe aged eyes once more ?
" Thy father's pains will now be leſs——
" His pains will now be o'er ! "

" My

" My father! by this waining lamp
" Thy form I faintly trace:——
" Yet ſure thy brow is cold, and damp,
" And pale thy honour'd face.

" In vain thy wretched child is come,
" She comes too late to ſave!
" And only now can ſhare thy doom,
" And ſhare thy peaceful grave!"

Soft, as amid the lunar beams,
The falling ſhadows bend,
Upon the boſom of the ſtreams,
So ſoft her tears deſcend.

" Thoſe tears a father ill can bear,
" He lives, my child, for thee!
" A gentle youth, with pitying care,
" Has lent his aid to me.

" Born in the weſtern world, his hand
" Maintains its hoſtile cauſe,
" And fierce againſt Britannia's band
" His erring ſword he draws;

" Yet feels the captive Briton's woe;
" For his ennobled mind,
" Forgets the name of Britain's foe,
" In love of human kind.

" Yet know, my child, a dearer tie
" Has link'd his heart to mine;
" He mourns with Friendſhip's holy ſigh,
" The youth belov'd of thine!

" But hark! his welcome feet are near——
" Thy riſing grief ſuppreſs——
" By darkneſs veil'd, he haſtens here
" To comfort, and to bleſs."——

" Stranger! for that dear father's ſake
" She cry'd, in accents mild,
" Who lives by thy kind pity, take
" The bleſſings of his child!

" Oh, if in heaven, my Edward's breaſt
" This deed of mercy knew,
" That gives my tortur'd boſom reſt,
" He ſure would bleſs thee too!

" Oh tell me where my lover fell!
" The fatal ſcene recall,
" His laſt, dear accents, ſtranger, tell,
" Oh haſte and tell me all!

" Say, if he gave to love the ſigh,
" That ſet his ſpirit free;
" Say, did he raiſe his cloſing eye,
" As if it ſought for me."

" Aſk

" Aſk not, her father cry'd, to know
" What known were added pain;
" Nor think, my child, the tale of woe
" Thy ſoftneſs can ſuſtain."

" Tho' every joy with Edward fled,
" When Edward's friend is near,
" It ſooths my breaking heart, ſhe ſaid,
" To tell thoſe joys were dear.

" The weſtern ocean roll'd in vain
" Its parting waves between,
" My Edward brav'd the dang'rous main,
" And bleſs'd our native ſcene.

" Soft Iſis heard his artleſs tale,
" Ah, ſtream for ever dear!
" Whoſe waters, as they paſs'd the vale,
" Receiv'd a lover's tear.

" How could a heart, that virtue lov'd,
" (And ſure that heart is mine)
" Lamented youth! behold unmov'd,
" The virtues that were thine?

" Calm, as the ſurface of the lake,
" When all the winds are ſtill,
" Mild, as the beams of morning break,
" When firſt they light the hill;

" So

" So calm was his unruffled ſoul,
" Where no rude paſſion ſtrove ;
" So mild his ſoothing accents ſtole,
" Upon the ear of love.

" Where are the dear illuſions fled
" Which ſooth'd my former hours ?
" Where is the path that fancy ſpread,
" Ah, vainly ſpread with flowers !

" I heard the battle's fearful ſounds,
" They ſeem'd my lover's knell——
" I heard, that pierc'd with ghaſtly wounds,
" My vent'rous lover fell !——

" My ſorrows ſhall with life endure,
" For he I lov'd is gone ;
" But ſomething tells my heart, that ſure
" My life will not be long."——

" My panting ſoul can bear no more,
" The youth, impatient cried,
" 'Tis Edward bids thy griefs be o'er,
" My love ! my deſtin'd bride !

" The life which heav'n preſerv'd, how bleſt,
" How fondly priz'd by me,
" Since dear to my Amelia's breaſt,
" Since valued ſtill by thee !

" My

" My father ſaw my conſtant pain,
" When thee I left behind,
" Nor longer will his power reſtrain,
" The ties my ſoul would bind.

" And ſoon thy honor'd ſire ſhall ceaſe
" The captive's lot to bear,
" And we, my love, will ſoothe to peace
" His griefs, with filial care.

" Then come for ever to my ſoul!
" Amelia come, and prove!
" How calm our bliſsful years will roll,
" Along a life of love!——

SONNET,

SONNET,

To Mrs. BATES.

OH, thou whoſe melody the heart obeys,
Thou who can'ſt all its ſubject paſſions move,
Whoſe notes to heav'n the lift'ning ſoul can raiſe,
Can thrill with pity, or can melt with love!
Happy! whom nature lent this native charm;
Whoſe melting tones can ſhed with magic power,
A ſweeter pleaſure o'er the ſocial hour,
The breaſt to ſoftneſs ſooth, to virtue warm——

But

But yet more happy! that thy life as clear
From diſcord, as thy perfect cadence flows;
That tun'd to ſympathy, thy faithful tear,
In mild accordance falls for others woes;
That all the tender, pure affections bind
In chains of harmony, thy willing mind!

SONNET,

SONNET

To TWILIGHT.

MEEK Twilight! ſoften the declining day,
And bring the hour my penſive ſpirit loves;
When, o'er the mountain ſlow deſcends the ray
That gives to ſilence the deſerted groves.
Ah, let the happy court the morning ſtill,
When, in her blooming lovelineſs array'd,
She bids freſh beauty light the vale, or hill,
And rapture warble in the vocal ſhade.

Sweet

Sweet is the odour of the morning's flower,
And rich in melody her accents rise;
Yet dearer to my soul the shadowy hour,
At which her blossoms close, her music dies—
For then, while languid nature droops her head,
She wakes the tear 'tis luxury to shed.

TO

SENSIBILITY.

TO

SENSIBILITY.

IN *Senſibility*'s lov'd praiſe
I tune my trembling reed;
And ſeek to deck her ſhrine with bays,
On which my heart muſt bleed!

No cold exemption from her pain
I ever wiſh'd to know;
Cheer'd with her tranſport, I ſuſtain
Without complaint her woe.

Above

Above whate'er content can give,
Above the charm of eaſe,
The reſtleſs hopes, and fears that live
With her, have power to pleaſe.

Where but for her, were Friendſhip's power
To heal the wounded heart,
To ſhorten ſorrow's ling'ring hour,
And bid its gloom depart?

'Tis ſhe that lights the melting eye
With looks to anguiſh dear;
She knows the price of ev'ry ſigh,
The value of a tear.

She prompts the tender marks of love
Which words can ſcarce expreſs;
The heart alone their force can prove,
And feel how much they bleſs.

Of every finer bliſs the ſource!
'Tis ſhe on love beſtows
The ſofter grace, the boundleſs force
Confiding paſſion knows;

When to another, the fond breaſt
Each thought for ever gives;
When on another, leans for reſt,
And in another lives!

Quick,

Quick, as the trembling metal flies,
When heat or cold impels,
Her anxious heart to joy can riſe,
Or ſink where anguiſh dwells!

Yet tho' her ſoul muſt griefs ſuſtain
Which ſhe alone, can know;
And feel that keener ſenſe of pain
Which ſharpens every woe;

Tho' ſhe the mourner's grief to calm,
Still ſhares each pang they feel,
And, like the tree diſtilling balm,
Bleeds, others wounds to heal;

While ſhe, whoſe boſom fondly true,
Has never wiſh'd to range;
One alter'd look will trembling view,
And ſcarce can bear the change;

Tho' ſhe, if death the bands ſhould tear,
She vainly thought ſecure;
Thro' life muſt languiſh in deſpair
That never hopes a cure;

Tho' wounded by ſome vulgar mind,
Unconſcious of the deed,
Who never ſeeks thoſe wounds to bind
But wonders why they bleed;——

She oft will heave a ſecret ſigh,
  Will ſhed a lonely tear,
O'er feelings nature wrought ſo high,
  And gave on terms ſo dear;

Yet who would hard INDIFFERENCE chooſe,
  Whoſe breaſt no tears can ſteep?
Who, for her apathy, would loſe
  The ſacred power to weep?

Tho' in a thouſand objects, pain,
  And pleaſure tremble nigh,
Thoſe objects ſtrive to reach, in vain,
  The circle of her eye.

Cold,

Cold, as the fabled god appears
To the poor ſuppliant's grief,
Who bathes the marble form in tears,
And vainly hopes relief.

Ah *Greville!* why the gifts refuſe
To ſouls like thine allied?
No more thy nature ſeem to loſe
No more thy ſoftneſs hide.

No more invoke the playful ſprite
To chill, with magic ſpell,
The tender feelings of delight,
And anguiſh ſung ſo well;

That envied eaſe thy heart would prove
Were ſure too dearly bought
With friendſhip, ſympathy, and love,
And every finer thought.

A SONG.

A SONG.

I.

NO riches from his ſcanty ſtore
My lover could impart;
He gave a boon I valued more——
He gave me all his heart!

II.

His ſoul ſincere, his gen'rous worth,
Might well this boſom move;
And when I aſk'd for bliſs on earth,
I only meant his love.

III.

But now for me, in ſearch of gain
From ſhore to ſhore he flies:
Why wander riches to obtain,
When love is all I prize?

IV.

The frugal meal, the lowly cot
If bleſt my love with thee!
That ſimple fare, that humble lot,
Were more than wealth to me.

V.

While he the dang'rous ocean braves,
My tears but vainly flow:
Is pity in the faithleſs waves
To which I pour my woe?

VI.

The night is dark, the waters deep,
Yet ſoft the billows roll;
Alas! at every breeze I weep——
The ſtorm is in my ſoul.

AN

ODE

ON THE

PEACE.

AN

ODE

ON THE

PEACE.

I.

AS wand'ring late on Albion's ſhore
That chains the rude tempeſtuous deep,
I heard the hollow ſurges roar
And vainly beat her guardian ſteep;

I heard the riſing ſounds of woe
Loud on the ſtorm's wild pinion flow;
And ſtill they vibrate on the mournful lyre,
That tunes to grief its ſympathetic wire.

II.

From ſhores the wide Atlantic laves,
The ſpirit of the ocean bears
In moans, along his weſtern waves,
Afflicted nature's hopeleſs cares:
Enchanting ſcenes of young delight,
How chang'd ſince firſt ye roſe to ſight;
Since firſt ye roſe in infant glories dreſt
Freſh from the wave, and rear'd your ample breaſt.

Her

III.

Her creſted ſerpents, diſcord throws
O'er ſcenes which love with roſes grac'd;
The flow'ry chain his hands compoſe,
She wildly ſcatters o'er the waſte:
Her glance his playful ſmile deforms,
Her frantic voice awakes the ſtorms,
From land to land, her torches ſpread their fires,
While love's pure flame in ſtreams of blood expires.

IV.

Now burns the ſavage ſoul of war,
While terror flaſhes from his eyes,
Lo! waving o'er his fiery car
Aloft his bloody banner flies:

The battle wakes——with awful ſound
He thunders o'er the echoing ground,
He graſps his reeking blade, while ſtreams of blood
Tinge the vaſt plain, and ſwell the purple flood.

V.

But ſofter ſounds of ſorrow flow;
On drooping wing the murm'ring gales
Have borne the deep complaints of woe
That roſe along the lonely vales——
Thoſe breezes waft the orphan's cries,
They tremble to parental ſighs,
And drink a tear for keener anguiſh ſhed,
The tear of faithful love when hope is fled.

VI.

The object of her anxious fear
Lies pale on earth, expiring, cold,
Ere, wing'd by happy love, one year
Too rapid in its courſe, has roll'd:
In vain the dying hand ſhe graſps,
Hangs on the quiv'ring lip, and claſps
The fainting form, that ſlowly ſinks in death,
To catch the parting glance, the fleeting breath.

VII.

Pale as the livid corſe her cheek,
Her treſſes torn, her glances wild,——
How fearful was her frantic ſhriek!
She wept—and then in horrors ſmil'd:

She gazes now with wild affright,
Lo! bleeding phantoms ruſh in ſight —
Hark! on yon mangled form the mourner calls,
Then on the earth a ſenſeleſs weight ſhe falls.

VIII.

And ſee! o'er gentle André's tomb,
The victim of his own deſpair,
Who fell in life's exulting bloom,
Nor deem'd that life deſerv'd a care;
O'er the cold earth his relicks preſt,
Lo! Britain's drooping legions reſt;
For him the ſwords they ſternly graſp, appear
Dim with a ſigh, and ſullied with a tear.

IX.

While Seward ſweeps her plaintive ſtrings,
While penſive round his ſable ſhrine,
A radiant zone ſhe graceful flings,
Where full emblaz'd his virtues ſhine;
The mournful loves that tremble nigh
Shall catch her warm melodious ſigh;
The mournful loves ſhall drink the tears that flow
From Pity's hov'ring ſoul, diſſolv'd in woe.

X.

And hark, in Albion's flow'ry vale
A parent's deep complaint I hear!
A ſiſter calls the weſtern gale
To waft her ſoul-expreſſive tear;

'Tis

'Tis Aſgill claims that piercing ſigh,
That drop which dims the beauteous eye,
While on the rack of Doubt Affection proves
How ſtrong the force which binds the ties ſhe loves.

XI.

How oft in every dawning grace
That bloſſom'd in his early hours,
Her ſoul ſome comfort lov'd to trace,
And deck'd futurity in flowers!
But lo! in Fancy's troubled ſight
The dear illuſions ſink in night;
She views the murder'd form—the quiv'ring breath,
The riſing virtues chill'd in ſhades of death.

Ceaſe

XII.

Ceaſe, ceaſe ye throbs of hopeleſs woe ;
He lives the future hours to bleſs,
He lives, the pureſt joy to know,
Parental tranſports fond exceſs ;
His ſight a father's eye ſhall chear,
A ſiſter's drooping charms endear :—
The private pang was Albion's gen'rous care,
For him ſhe breath'd a warm accepted prayer.

XIII.

And lo ! a radiant ſtream of light
Deſcending, gilds the murky cloud,
Where Deſolation's gloomy night
Retiring, folds her ſable ſhroud ;—

It flaſhes o'er the bright'ning deep,
It ſoftens Britain's frowning ſteep—
'Tis mild benignant Peace, enchanting form!
That gilds the black abyſs, that lulls the ſtorm.

XIV.

So thro' the dark, impending ſky,
Where clouds, and ſullen vapours roll'd,
Their curling wreaths diſſolving fly
As the faint hues of light unfold—
The air with ſpreading azure ſtreams,
The ſun now darts his orient beams——
And now the mountains glow—the woods are bright—
While nature hails the ſeaſon of delight.

Mild

XV.

Mild Peace! from Albion's faireſt bowers
Pure ſpirit! cull with ſnowy hands,
The buds that drink the morning ſhowers,
And bind the realms in flow'ry bands:
Thy ſmiles the angry paſſions chaſe,
Thy glance is pleaſure's native grace;
Around thy form th' exulting virtues move,
And thy ſoft call awakes the ſtrain of love.

XVI.

Bleſs, all ye powers! the patriot name
That courts fair Peace, thy gentle ſtay;
Ah! gild with glory's light, his fame,
And glad his life with pleaſure's ray!

While, like th' affrighted dove, thy form
Still ſhrinks, and fears ſome latent ſtorm,
His cares ſhall ſooth thy panting ſoul to reſt,
And ſpread thy vernal couch on Albion's breaſt.

XVII.

Ye, who have mourn'd the parting hour,
Which love in darker horrors drew,
Ye, who have vainly tried to pour
With falt'ring voice the laſt adieu!
When the pale cheek, the burſting ſigh,
The ſoul that hov'ring in the eye,
Expreſs'd the pains it felt, the pains it fear'd—
Ah! paint the youth's return, by grief endear'd.

XVIII.

Yon hoary form, with aſpect mild,
Deſerted kneels by anguiſh preſt,
And ſeeks from Heav'n his long-loſt child,
To ſmooth the path that leads to reſt!—
He comes!—to cloſe the ſinking eye,
To catch the faint, expiring ſigh;
A moment's tranſport ſtays the fleeting breath,
And ſooths the ſoul on the pale verge of death.

XIX.

No more the ſanguine wreath ſhall twine
On the loſt hero's early tomb,
But hung around thy ſimple ſhrine
Fair Peace! ſhall milder glories bloom.

Lo! commerce lifts her drooping head
Triumphal, Thames! from thy deep bed;
And bears to Albion, on her ſail ſublime,
The riches Nature gives each happier clime.

XX.

She fearleſs prints the polar ſnows,
Mid' horrors that reject the day;
Along the burning line ſhe glows,
Nor ſhrinks beneath the torrid ray:
She opens India's glitt'ring mine,
Where ſtreams of light reflected ſhine;
Wafts the bright gems to Britain's temp'rate vale,
And breathes her odours on the northern gale.

While

XXI.

While from the far-divided ſhore
Where liberty unconquer'd roves,
Her ardent glance ſhall oft' explore
The parent iſle her ſpirit loves;
Shall ſpread upon the weſtern main
—— Harmonious concord's golden chain,
While ſtern on Gallia's ever hoſtile ſtrand
From Albion's cliff ſhe pours her daring band.

XXII.

Yet hide the ſabre's hideous glare
Whoſe edge is bath'd in ſtreams of blood,
The lance that quivers high in air,
And falling drinks a purple flood;

For Britain! fear ſhall ſeize thy foes,
While freedom in thy ſenate glows,
While peace ſhall ſmile upon thy cultur'd plain,
With grace and beauty her attendant train.

XXIII.

Enchanting viſions ſooth my ſight——
The finer arts no more oppreſs'd,
Benignant ſource of pure delight!
On her ſoft boſom love to reſt.
While each diſcordant ſound expires,
Strike harmony! ſtrike all thy wires;
The fine vibrations of the ſpirit move
And touch the ſprings of rapture and of love.

Bright

XXIV.

Bright painting's living forms ſhall riſe;
And wrapt in Ugolino's woe *,
Shall Reynolds wake unbidden ſighs;
And Romney's graceful pencil flow,
That Nature's look benign pourtrays †,
When to her infant Shakſpeare's gaze
The partial nymph "unveil'd her awful face,"
And bade his "colours clear" her features trace.

XXV.

And poeſy! thy deep-ton'd ſhell
The heart ſhall ſooth, the ſpirit fire,
And all the paſſions ſink, or ſwell,
In true accordance to the lyre.

* "UGOLINO's woe"—a celebrated picture by Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS, taken from DANTE.

† "Nature's look benign pourtrays"—a ſubject Mr. ROMNEY has taken from GRAY's Progreſs of Poeſy.

Oh! ever wake its heav'nly ſound,
Oh! call thy lovely viſions round;
Strew the ſoft path of peace with fancy's flowers,
With raptures bleſs the ſoul that feels thy powers.

XXVI.

While Hayley wakes thy magic ſtring,
His ſhades ſhall no rude ſound profane,
But ſtillneſs on her folded wing,
Enamour'd catch his ſoothing ſtrain:
Tho' genius breathe its pureſt flame
——Around his lyre's enchanting frame;
Tho' muſic there in every period roll,
More warm his friendſhip, and more pure his ſoul.

While

XXVII.

While taſte refines a poliſh'd age,
While her own *Hurd* ſhall bid us trace
The luſtre of the finiſh'd page
Where ſymmetry ſheds perfect grace;
With ſober and collected ray
To fancy, judgment ſhall diſplay
The faultleſs model, where accompliſh'd art
From nature draws a charm that leads the heart.

XXVIII.

Th' hiſtoric Muſe illumes the maze
For ages veil'd in gloomy night,
Where empire with meridian blaze
Once trod ambition's giddy height:

Tho' headlong from the dang'rous ſteep
Its pageants roll'd with waſteful ſweep,
Her tablet ſtill records the deeds of fame
And wakes the patriot's, and the hero's flame.

XXIX.

While meek philoſophy explores
Creation's vaſt ſtupendous round;
Sublime her piercing viſion ſoars,
And burſts the ſyſtem's diſtant bound.
Lo! mid' the dark deep void of ſpace
A ruſhing world * her eye can trace!——

* Alluding to Mr. Herſchel's wonderful diſcoveries, and particularly to his diſcovery of a new planet called the Georgium Sidus.

It moves majeſtic in its ample ſphere,
Sheds its long light, and rolls its ling'ring year.

XXX.

Ah! ſtill diffuſe thy genial ray,
Fair Science, on my Albion's plain!
And ſtill thy grateful homage pay
Where Montagu has rear'd her fane;
Where eloquence and wit entwine
Their attic wreath around her ſhrine;
And ſtill, while Learning ſhall unfold her ſtore,
With their bright ſignet ſtamp the claſſic ore.

XXXI.

Enlight'ning Peace! for thine the hours
That wiſdom decks in moral grace,
And thine invention's fairy powers,
The charm improv'd of nature's face;
Propitious come! in ſilence laid
Beneath thy olive's grateful ſhade,
Pour the mild bliſs that ſooths the tuneful mind,
And in thy zone the hoſtile ſpirit bind.

XXXII.

While Albion on her parent deep
Shall reſt, may glory light her ſhore,
May honour there his vigils keep
Till time ſhall wing its courſe no more;

Till angels wrap the ſpheres in fire,
Till earth and yon fair orbs expire,
While chaos mounted on the waſting flame,
Shall ſpread eternal ſhade o'er nature's frame.

EDWIN AND ELTRUDA,

A

LEGENDARY TALE.

Mark it, Ceſario, it is old and plain;
The ſpinſters and the knitters in the ſun,
And the free maids, that weave their thread with bones
Do uſe to chant it. It is ſilly, ſooth,
And dallies with the innocence of love,
Like the old age.

SHAKSPEARE'S TWELFTH NIGHT

EDWIN AND ELTRUDA.

A

LEGENDARY TALE.

WHERE the pure Derwent's waters glide
Along their moſſy bed,
Cloſe by the river's verdant ſide,
A caſtle rear'd its head.

The

The ancient pile by time is raz'd,
Where Gothic trophies frown'd;
Where once the gilded armour blaz'd,
And banners wav'd around.

There liv'd a chief, well known to fame,
A bold advent'rous knight;
Renown'd for victory; his name
In glory's annals bright.

What time in martial pomp he led
His gallant, chosen train;
The foe, who oft had conquer'd, fled,
Indignant fled, the plain.

Yet

Yet milder virtues he poſſeſt,
And gentler paſſions felt;
For in his calm and yielding breaſt
The ſoft affections dwelt.

No rugged toils the heart could ſteel,
By nature form'd to prove
Whate'er the tender mind can feel,
In friendſhip, or in love.

He loſt the partner of his breaſt,
Who ſooth'd each riſing care;
And ever charm'd the pains to reſt
She ever lov'd to ſhare.

From

From ſolitude he hop'd relief,
And this lone manſion ſought,
To cheriſh there his faithful grief,
To nurſe the tender thought.

There, to his boſom fondly dear,
An infant daughter ſmil'd,
And oft the mourner's falling tear
Bedew'd his Emma's child.

The tear, as o'er the babe he hung,
Would tremble in his eye;
While bleſſings, falt'ring on his tongue,
Were breath'd but in a ſigh.

Tho' time could never heal the wound,
It ſooth'd the hopeleſs pain;
And in his child he thought he found
His Emma liv'd again.

Soft, as the dews of morn ariſe,
And on the pale flower gleam;
So ſoft Eltruda's melting eyes
With love and pity beam.

As dreſt in charms, the lonely flower
Smiles in the deſert vale;
With beauty gilds the morning hour,
And ſcents the evening gale;

So liv'd in ſolitude, unſeen,
This lovely, peerleſs maid;
So grac'd the wild, ſequeſter'd ſcene,
And bloſſom'd in the ſhade.

Yet love could pierce the lone receſs,
For there he likes to dwell;
To leave the noiſy crowd, and bleſs
With happineſs the cell.

To wing his ſure reſiſtleſs dart,
Where all its force is known;
And rule the undivided heart
Deſpotic, and alone.

Young Edwin charm'd her gentle breaſt,
Tho' ſcanty all his ſtore;
No hoarded treaſures he poſſeſt,
Yet he could boaſt of more.

For he could boaſt the lib'ral heart;
And honour, ſenſe, and truth,
Unwarp'd by vanity or art,
Adorn'd the gen'rous youth.

The maxims of a ſervile age,
The mean, the ſelfiſh care,
The ſordid views, that now engage
The mercenary pair;

Whom

Whom riches can unite, or part,
To them were ſtill unknown;
For then the ſympathetic heart
Was join'd by love alone.

They little knew, that wealth had power
To make the conſtant rove;
They little knew the weighty dower
Could add one bliſs to love.

Her virtues every charm improv'd,
Or made thoſe charms more dear;
For ſurely virtue to be lov'd
Has only to appear.

Domeſtic bliſs, unvex'd by ſtrife,
Beguil'd the circling hours;
She, who on every path of life
Can ſhed perennial flowers.

Eltruda, o'er the diſtant mead,
Would haſte, at cloſing day,
And to the bleating mother lead
The lamb, that chanc'd to ſtray.

For the bruis'd inſect on the waſte,
A ſigh would heave her breaſt;
And oft her careful hand replac'd
The linnet's falling neſt.

To her, ſenſations calm as theſe
Could ſweet delight impart;
Theſe ſimple pleaſures moſt can pleaſe
The uncorrupted heart.

Full oft with eager ſtep ſhe flies
To cheer the roofleſs cot,
Where the lone widow breathes her ſighs,
And wails her deſp'rate lot.

Their weeping mother's trembling knees,
Her liſping infants claſp;
Their meek, imploring look ſhe ſees,
She feels their tender graſp.

Wild throbs her aching boſom ſwell——
They mark the burſting ſigh,
(Nature has form'd the ſoul to feel)
They weep, unknowing why.

Her hands the lib'ral boon impart,
And much her tear avails
To raiſe the mourner's drooping heart,
Where feeble utterance fails.

On the pale cheek, where hung the tear
Of agonizing woe,
She bids the cheerful bloom appear,
The tear of rapture flow.

Thus

Thus on ſoft wing the moments flew,
(Tho' love implor'd their ſtay)
While ſome new virtue roſe to view,
And mark'd each fleeting day.

The youthful poet's ſoothing dream
Of golden ages paſt;
The muſe's fond, ideal theme,
Was realiz'd at laſt.

But vainly here we hope, that bliſs
Unchanging will endure;
Ah, in a world ſo vain as this,
What heart can reſt ſecure!

For

For now aroſe the fatal day
For civil diſcord fam'd;
When *York*, from *Lancaſter*'s proud ſway,
The regal ſceptre claim'd.

Each moment now the horrors brought
Of deſolating rage;
The fam'd atchievements now were wrought,
That ſwell th' hiſtoric page.

The good old Albert pants, again
To dare the hoſtile field,
The cauſe of Henry to maintain,
For him, the launce to wield.

But oh, a thouſand gen'rous ties,
That bind the hero's ſoul;
A thouſand tender claims ariſe,
And Edwin's breaſt controul.

Tho' paſſion pleads in Henry's cauſe,
And Edwin's heart would ſway;
Yet honour's ſtern, imperious laws,
The brave will ſtill obey.

Oppreſs'd with many an anxious care,
Full oft Eltruda ſigh'd;
Complaining that relentleſs war
Should thoſe ſhe lov'd—divide.

At

At length the parting morn aroſe,
In gloomy vapours dreſt;
The penſive maiden's ſorrow flows,
And terror heaves her breaſt.

A thouſand pangs the father feels,
A thouſand riſing fears,
While clinging at his feet ſhe kneels,
And bathes them with her tears.

A pitying tear bedew'd his cheek,——
From his lov'd child he flew;
O'erwhelm'd, the father could not ſpeak,
He could not ſay——"adieu!"

Arm'd for the field, her lover came,
He ſaw her pallid look,
And trembling ſeize her drooping frame,
While fault'ring, thus he ſpoke:

" This cruel tenderneſs but wounds
" The heart it means to bleſs;
" Thoſe falling tears, thoſe mournful ſounds
" Increaſe the vain diſtreſs."——

" If fate, ſhe anſwer'd, has decreed
" That on the hoſtile plain,
" My Edwin's faithful heart muſt bleed,
" And ſwell the heap of ſlain;

" Truſt

" Truſt me, my love, I'll not complain,
" I'll ſhed no fruitleſs tear;
" Not one weak drop my cheek ſhall ſtain,
" Or tell what paſſes here!

" Oh, let thy fate of others claim
" A tear, a mournful ſigh;
" I'll only murmur thy dear name——
" Call on my love—and die!"

But ah! how vain for words to tell
The pang their boſoms prov'd;
They only will conceive it well,
They only, who have lov'd.

The timid muſe forbears to ſay
What laurels Edwin gain'd;
How Albert long renown'd, that day
His ancient fame maintain'd.

The bard, who feels congenial fire,
May ſing of martial ſtrife;
And with heroic ſounds, inſpire
The gen'rous ſcorn of life;

But ill the theme would ſuit her reed,
Who, wand'ring thro' the grove,
Forgets the conq'ring hero's meed,
And gives a tear to love.

Tho'

Tho' long the cloſing day was fled,
The fight they ſtill maintain;
While night a deeper horror ſhed
Along the darken'd plain.

To Albert's breaſt an arrow flew,
He felt a mortal wound;
The drops that warm'd his heart, bedew
The cold, and flinty ground.

The foe, who aim'd the fatal dart,
Now heard his dying ſighs;
Compaſſion touch'd his yielding heart,
To Albert's aid he flies.

While round the chief his arms he caſt,
While oft he deeply ſigh'd,
And ſeem'd, as if he mourn'd the paſt,
Old Albert faintly cried;

" Tho' nature heaves theſe parting groans,
" Without complaint I die;
" Yet one dear care my heart ſtill owns,
" Still feels one tender tie,

" For York, a warriour known to fame,
" Uplifts the hoſtile ſpear;
" Edwin the blooming hero's name,
" To Albert's boſom dear.

" Oh,

" Oh, tell him my expiring ſigh,
" Say my laſt words implor'd
" To my deſpairing child to fly,
" To her he once ador'd"——

He ſpoke! but oh, what mournful ſtrain,
Whoſe force the ſoul can melt,
What moving numbers ſhall explain
The pang that Edwin felt?

The pang that Edwin now reveal'd——
For he the warriour preſt,
(Whom the dark ſhades of night conceal'd)
Cloſe to his throbbing breaſt.

" Fly, fly he cried, my touch profane——
" Oh, how the reſt impart?
" Rever'd old man!—could Edwin ſtain
" With Albert's blood the dart!"

His languid eyes he meekly rais'd,
Which ſeem'd for ever clos'd;
On the pale youth with pity gaz'd,
And then in death repos'd.

" I'll go, the hapleſs Edwin ſaid,
" And breathe a laſt adieu!
" And with the drops deſpair will ſhed,
" My mournful love bedew.

" I'll

" I'll go to her for ever dear,
" To catch her melting ſigh,
" To wipe from her pale cheek the tear,
" And at her feet to die."——

And as to her for ever dear
The frantic mourner flew,
To wipe from her pale cheek the tear,
And breathe a laſt adieu;

Appall'd his troubled fancy ſees
Eltruda's anguiſh flow;
And hears in every paſſing breeze,
The plaintive ſound of woe.

Meanwhile the anxious maid, whoſe tears
In vain would heav'n implore;
Of Albert's fate deſpairing hears,
But yet had heard no more.

She ſaw her much-lov'd Edwin near,
She ſaw, and deeply ſigh'd;
Her cheek was bath'd in many a tear;
At length ſhe faintly cried;

"Unceaſing grief this heart muſt prove,
"Its deareſt ties are broke;——
"Oh, ſay, what ruthleſs arm, my love,
"Could aim the fatal ſtroke?

"Could

" Could not thy hand, my Edwin, thine,
" Have warded off the blow?
" For oh, he was not only mine,
" He was *thy* father too!"

No more the youth could pangs endure
His lips could never tell;
From death he vainly hop'd a cure,
As cold, on earth he fell.

She flew, ſhe gave her ſorrows vent,
A thouſand tears ſhe pour'd;
Her mournful voice, her moving plaint,
The youth to life reſtor'd.

" Why

" Why does thy boſom throb with pain
" She cried, my Edwin, ſpeak;
" Or ſure, unable to ſuſtain
" This grief, my heart will break.

" Yes, it will break—he fault'ring cried,
" For me will life reſign——
" Then trembling know thy father died——
" And know the guilt was mine!"

" It is enough," with ſhort, quick breath,
Exclaim'd the fainting maid;
She ſpoke no more, but ſeem'd from death
To look for inſtant aid.

In plaintive accents, Edwin cries,
" And have I murder'd thee?
" To other worlds thy ſpirit flies,
" And mine this ſtroke ſhall free."

His hand the lifted weapon graſp'd,
The ſteel he firmly preſt:
When wildly ſhe aroſe, and claſp'd
Her lover to her breaſt.

" Methought, ſhe cried with panting breath,
" My Edwin talk'd of peace;
" I knew 'twas only found in death,
" And fear'd that ſad releaſe.

" I claſp

" I claſp him ſtill! 'twas but a dream——
" Help yon wide wound to cloſe,
" From which a father's ſpirits ſtream,
" A father's life-blood flows.

" But ſee, from thee he ſhrinks, nor would
" Be blaſted by thy touch;——
" Ah, tho' my Edwin ſpilt thy blood,
" Yet once he lov'd thee much.

" My father, yet in pity ſtay!——
" I ſee his white beard wave;
" A ſpirit beckons him away,
" And points to yonder grave.

" Alas,

" Alas, my love, I trembling hear
" A father's laſt adieu ;
" I ſee, I ſee, the falling tear
" His wrinkled cheek bedew.

" He's gone, and here his aſhes ſleep——
" I do not heave a ſigh,
" His child a father does not weep——
" For, ah, my brain is dry !

" But come, together let us rove,
" At the pale hour of night ;
" When the moon wand'ring thro' the grove,
" Shall pour her fainteſt light.

" We'll

" We'll gather from the roſy bow'r
" The faireſt wreaths that bloom:
" We'll cull, my love, each op'ning flower,
" To deck his hallow'd tomb.

" We'll thither, from the diſtant dale,
" A weeping willow bear;
" And plant a lily of the vale,
" A drooping lily there.

" We'll ſhun the face of glaring day,
" Eternal ſilence keep;
" Thro' the dark wood together ſtray,
" And only live to weep.

" But

" But hark, 'tis come—the fatal time
" When, Edwin, we muſt part;
" Some angel tells me 'tis a crime
" To hold thee to my heart.

" My father's ſpirit hovers near——
" Alas, he comes to chide;
" Is there no means, my Edwin dear,
" The fatal deed to hide?

" Yet, Edwin, if th' offence be thine,
" Too ſoon I can forgive;
" But, oh, the guilt would all be mine,
" Could I endure to live.

" Fare-

" Farewel, my love, for, oh, I faint,
" Of pale deſpair I die;
" And ſee, that hoary, murder'd ſaint
" Deſcends from yon blue ſky.

" Poor, weak old man! he comes my love,
" To lead to heav'n the way;
" He knows not heaven will joyleſs prove,
" If Edwin here muſt ſtay!"——

" Oh, who can bear this pang!" he cry'd,
Then to his boſom preſt
The dying maid, who piteous ſigh'd,
And ſunk to endleſs reſt.

He ſaw her eyes for ever cloſe,
  He heard her lateſt ſigh,
And yet no tear of anguiſh flows
  From his diſtracted eye.

He feels within his ſhiv'ring veins,
  A mortal chillneſs riſe;
Her pallid corſe he feebly ſtrains——
  And on her boſom dies.

* * * * * *

No longer may their hapleſs lot
  The mournful muſe engage;
She wipes away the tears, that blot
  The melancholy page.

For heav'n in love, diſſolves the ties
That chain the ſpirit here;
And diſtant far for ever flies
The bleſſing held moſt dear;

To bid the ſuff'ring ſoul aſpire
A higher bliſs to prove;
To wake the pure, refin'd deſire,
The hope that reſts above!——

A

H Y M N.

A

H Y M N.

WHILE thee I ſeek, protecting Power!
Be my vain wiſhes ſtill'd;
And may this conſecrated hour
With better hopes be fill'd.

Thy love the powers of thought beſtow'd,
To thee my thoughts would ſoar;
Thy mercy o'er my life has flow'd——
That mercy I adore.

In each event of life, how clear,
Thy ruling hand I ſee;
Each bleſſing to my ſoul more dear,
Becauſe conferr'd by thee.

In every joy that crowns my days,
In every pain I bear,
My heart ſhall find delight in praiſe,
Or ſeek relief in prayer.

When gladneſs wings my favour'd hour,
Thy love my thoughts ſhall fill:
Reſign'd, when ſtorms of ſorrow lower,
My ſoul ſhall meet thy will.

My lifted eye without a tear
The lowring ſtorm ſhall ſee;
My ſtedfaſt heart ſhall know no fear——
That heart will reſt on Thee!

PARAPHRASES

FROM

SCRIPTURE.

The day is thine, the night alſo is thine; thou haſt prepared the light and the ſun.

Thou haſt ſet all the borders of the earth; thou haſt made ſummer and winter.

PSALM lxxiv. 16, 17.

MY God! all nature owns thy ſway,
Thou giv'ſt the night, and thou the day!
When all thy lov'd creation wakes,
When morning, rich in luſtre breaks,
And bathes in dew the op'ning flower,
To thee we owe her fragrant hour;
And when ſhe pours her choral ſong,
Her melodies to thee belong!

Or when, in paler tints array'd,
The evening ſlowly ſpreads her ſhade;
That ſoothing ſhade, that grateful gloom,
Can more than day's enliv'ning bloom
Still every fond, and vain deſire,
And calmer, purer, thoughts inſpire;
From earth the penſive ſpirit free,
And lead the ſoften'd heart to Thee.

In every ſcene thy hands have dreſt,
In every form by thee impreſt,
Upon the mountain's awful head,
Or where the ſhelt'ring woods are ſpread;
In every note that ſwells the gale,
Or tuneful ſtream that cheers the vale,
The cavern's depth, or echoing grove,
A voice is heard of praiſe, and love.

As o'er thy work the ſeaſons roll,
And ſooth with change of bliſs, the ſoul,
Oh never may their ſmiling train
Paſs o'er the human ſcene in vain!
But oft as on the charm we gaze,
Attune the wond'ring ſoul to praiſe;
And be the joys that moſt we prize,
The joys that from thy favour riſe!

Can a woman forget her ſucking child, that ſhe ſhould not have compaſſion on the ſon of her womb? Yea, they may forget, yet will I not forget thee.

ISAIAH xlix. 15.

HEAVEN ſpeaks! Oh Nature liſten and rejoice!

Oh ſpread from pole to pole this gracious voice!

" Say every breaſt of human frame, that proves

" The boundleſs force with which a parent loves;

" Say, can a mother from her yearning heart

" Bid the ſoft image of her child depart?

" She! whom ſtrong inſtinct arms with ſtrength

" to bear

" All forms of ill, to ſhield that deareſt care;

" She! who with anguiſh ſtung, with madneſs wild,
" Will ruſh on death to ſave her threaten'd child;
" All ſelfiſh feelings baniſh'd from her breaſt,
" Her life one aim to make another's bleſt.
" When her vex'd infant to her boſom clings,
" When round her neck his eager arms he flings;
" Breathes to her lift'ning ſoul his melting ſigh,
" And lifts ſuffus'd with tears his aſking eye!
" Will ſhe for all ambition can attain,
" The charms of pleaſure, or the lures of gain,
" Betray ſtrong Nature's feelings, will ſhe prove
" Cold to the claims of duty, and of love?
" But ſhould the mother from her yearning heart
" Bid the ſoft image of her child depart;
" When the vex'd infant to her boſom clings
" When round her neck his eager arms he flings;

" Should

" Should ſhe unpitying hear his melting ſigh,
" And view unmov'd the tear that fills his eye;
" Should ſhe for all ambition can attain,
" The charms of pleaſure, or the lures of gain,
" Betray ſtrong Nature's feelings——ſhould ſhe
" prove
" Cold to the claims of duty, and of love!
" Yet never will the God, whoſe word gave birth
" To yon illumin'd orbs, and this fair earth;
" Who thro' the boundleſs depths of trackleſs ſpace
" Bade new-wak'd beauty ſpread each perfect grace;
" Yet when he form'd the vaſt ſtupendous whole,
" Shed his beſt bounties on the human ſoul;
" Which reaſon's light illumes, which friendſhip
" warms,
" Which pity ſoftens, and which virtue charms;

" Which

" Which feels the pure affections gen'rous glow,
" Shares others joy, and bleeds for others woe—
" Oh never will the gen'ral Father prove
" Of man forgetful, man the child of love!"
When all thoſe planets in their ample ſpheres
Have wing'd their courſe, and roll'd their deſtin'd years;
When the vaſt ſun ſhall veil his golden light
Deep in the gloom of everlaſting night;
When wild, deſtructive flames ſhall wrap the ſkies,
When Chaos triumphs, and when Nature dies;
Man ſhall alone the wreck of worlds ſurvive,
Midſt falling ſpheres, immortal man ſhall live!
The voice which bade the laſt dread thunders roll,
Shall whiſper to the good, and cheer their ſoul.
God ſhall himſelf his favour'd creature guide
Where living waters pour their bliſsful tide,

Where

Where the enlarg'd, exulting, wond'ring mind
Shall ſoar, from weakneſs and from guilt refin'd;
Where perfect knowledge, bright with cloudleſs rays,
Shall gild eternity's unmeaſur'd days;
Where friendſhip, unembitter'd by diſtruſt,
Shall in immortal bands unite the juſt;
Devotion rais'd to rapture breathe her ſtrain,
And love in his eternal triumph reign!

Whatſoever ye would that men ſhould do to you, do ye even ſo to them.

MATT. vii. 12.

PRECEPT divine! to earth in mercy given,
O ſacred rule of action, worthy heaven!
Whoſe pitying love ordain'd the bleſs'd command
To bind our nature in a firmer band;
Enforce each human ſuff'rer's ſtrong appeal,
And teach the ſelfiſh breaſt what others feel;
Wert thou the guide of life, mankind might know
A ſoft exemption from the worſt of woe;
No more the powerful would the weak oppreſs,
But tyrants learn the luxury to bleſs;

No more would ſlav'ry bind a hopeleſs train
Of human victims, in her galling chain;
Mercy the hard, the cruel heart would move
To ſoften mis'ry by the deeds of love;
And av'rice from his hoarded treaſures give
Unaſk'd, the liberal boon, that want might live!
The impious tongue of falſhood then would ceaſe
To blaſt, with dark ſuggeſtions, virtue's peace;
No more would ſpleen, or paſſion baniſh reſt
And plant a pang in fond affection's breaſt;
By one harſh word, one alter'd look, deſtroy
Her peace, and wither every op'ning joy;
Scarce can her tongue the captious wrong explain,
The ſlight offence which gives ſo deep a pain!
Th' affected eaſe that ſlights her ſtarting tear,
The words whoſe coldneſs kills from lips ſo dear;—

The

The hand ſhe loves, alone can point the dart,
Whoſe hidden ſting could wound no other heart—
Theſe, of all pains the ſharpeſt we endure,
The breaſt which now inflicts, would ſpring to cure.——

No more deſerted genius then, would fly
To breathe in ſolitude his hopeleſs ſigh;
No more would Fortune's partial ſmile debaſe
The ſpirit, rich in intellectual grace;
Who views unmov'd from ſcenes where pleaſures bloom,
The flame of genius ſunk in mis'ry's gloom;
The ſoul heav'n form'd to ſoar, by want depreſt,
Nor heeds the wrongs that pierce a kindred breaſt.—
Thou righteous Law! whoſe clear and uſeful light
Sheds on the mind a ray divinely bright;

Con-

Condenſing in one rule whate'er the ſage
Has proudly taught, in many a labour'd page;
Bid every heart thy hallow'd voice revere,
To juſtice ſacred, and to nature dear!

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.